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DISCOURSE

IN MEMORY OF

EDWARD EVERETT.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

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*Edward Everett*



OUR PATRIOT SCHOLAR.

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DISCOURSE

IN MEMORY OF

EDWARD EVERETT,

AT VESPERS,

IN THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, SUNDAY, JANUARY 22.

BY

SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

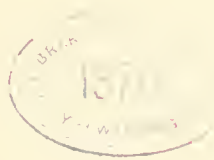
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NEW YORK:

JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,

522 BROADWAY.

1865.



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ALVORD, PRINTER.



## DISCOURSE.

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THE Scripture Lessons of the evening well introduce our subject. They present to us, first, the aged Samuel calling the people to bear witness to his integrity in their service; and, secondly, the Apostle Paul's comparison of the souls of the dead to the stars of heaven, so differing in glory.

It was announced, at the close of our service last Sunday evening, that Edward Everett, a venerable judge in our Israel, was no more on earth, but a star on high, and that our tribute would be paid to his memory at this time. The announcement of his death startled many of you, because unexpected, and we were all of one mind as to the fitness of this tribute of honor and affection. The loss comes home to us all as a public bereavement; and in all sympathy, without any disguise or affectation, we can honestly say that we have lost a friend and benefactor. We must allow, indeed, that this general grief differs very much from private grief, alike in character and demonstration; and that we are not aggrieved, even when a great and good man is taken away from the nation, as much as when a little child droops and dies in our home, and those merry eyes are closed, and that prattling voice is hushed

in the solemn slumber of death. Yet our public sorrow is none the less real because it moves in a calmer and more universal sphere. We may not weep much, nor be moved to slant ourselves out from the usual round of business or society; yet we are not indifferent nor ungrateful; and the very calmness of our temper may be a proof of the loftiness of the object of our meditation, and the dignity of the thoughts and affections that are stirred. When a bright star sinks from sight, or even when the sun goes down, we are impressed deeply, yet not generally as near weeping as when a little flower that we have been petting is snapped by the rude wind or withers upon its stem. To us Edward Everett has shone as a guiding star, and to not a few his face was sunshine. In the serene upper sphere of fellowship he was a friend to us all. Statesman, scholar, patriot, orator, moralist, Christian, he belonged to us all; and we may call God himself to witness here to-night that this service is honest and affectionate — alike whilst we bless the goodness of the Almighty giver, and the richness of the gift. We render it all the more honestly and reasonably, because, instead of dwelling merely upon an individual character, we meditate upon a life that opens rich lessons in the providence of God and the history of our age.

What was there in Edward Everett's career to dwell upon with satisfaction and edification now? What idea does he represent? what virtue had he? and what influence does he leave?



What Idea does he represent? The very variety of his labors, the compass of his attainments, the richness of his gifts, makes it hard for us to reply. Had he done only one thing very well, or given his mind to one line of thought, it would have been far easier to define his dominant idea. It is easy to say what was the idea of his illustrious friends and associates: that Webster was the expounder of the Constitution; Story, the head of American Jurisprudence; Channing, the champion of Human Nature; Prescott, the master of Spanish-American History; but not so easy to say what Everett was, unless we say that he was every thing that a universal scholar can be. The merest glance at his life shows the universality of his career, and prepares us to appreciate the breadth of his labors. At thirteen years, a college student; at seventeen, a graduate famous among men—at an age when most youths are at their sports, and hardly have begun to dream of ambition, much less of stern labor; then a college tutor, a divinity student, and a poet; at nineteen a preacher, and in the pulpit of the brilliant Buckminster; at twenty, author of a solid work of theology in defence of Christianity, and professor elect to the chair of Greek literature at Cambridge; for four years a student and traveller in Europe, with access to its best society, schools, and libraries, a friend of Byron, and a guest of Scott; at twenty-five, a brilliant classic lecturer at Cambridge, and laborious editor of the *North American Review*; at thirty a member of Congress, and full of

laborious and honorable service there for ten years; at forty, Governor of Massachusetts, and for four years; at forty-six, our Minister to England, and for four years; at fifty, President of Harvard University, and for three years; at fifty-eight, successor to Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State; at fifty-nine, United States Senator; at sixty, again in private life from ill health; soon rallying his strength, he entered upon those wide, brilliant, and effective labors of letters, patriotism, and humanity that have made his closing years his noblest and best. His last speech was at once patriotic, humane, and Christian—a plea for the suffering people of Savannah, in which mercy to the conquered was not thought inconsistent with joy in the victory. That speech was a noble close of his career, and well harmonized the two stages of his work, presenting the gentleness of his conservative days with the flaming freedom of his later and more ideal position; pleading still for our Southern brothers, but as for prodigals who must be left to their misery until they repent and return.

The first time that I ever saw Edward Everett was, I think, in September, 1826, nearly forty years ago, at Charlestown, the day of his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. An eager school-boy, I watched for him in the procession on the way to the old Puritan Church, and was charmed with his presence. He was then about thirty years of age, with the bloom of youth upon his cheek, and with light, flowing hair, and eyes mild and



lustrons, such as might help an artist towards a sketch of Milton in his early prime. His voice deepened the spell, and the air of that solemn old building seemed charged with electric life; and at the telling passages of the oration the hearts of the hearers seemed to stop beating, to complete that silence of eager attention. I saw him for the last time at Cambridge, in July, 1864. He was with his coëvals in age, at the head of a procession of graduates, among dignitaries whose *prestige* younger graduates never forget. He came forward and gave me his hand, with his benign smile, and referred kindly to a recent stray "Vacation Letter," in which I had joined his name with Bryant, James Walker, and Orville Dewey, as having attained the ripe age of seventy years, and had closed with the words, "God grant that it may be long before their cherished heads are laid low!" His head was first to fall, and there is a blessing in recalling that short interview. These personal reminiscences will not be thought egotistic, whilst they bring home to you the face and personality of our honored scholar.

Such is the simplest statement of the various phases of Everett's career, and those of us who have known him well can almost see him now in these chief aspects of his life. But through all this variety, is there any approach to unity of idea? Above all these many things, is there any one thing especially conspicuous? There surely is; and we can justly say that, throughout this universality of scholarly labor, his prominent idea was

to be a true American, a wise, laborious, effective citizen of this great Republic. This wish appears in every thing that he has said and done. His first performance in public, after graduation, a "Phi Beta Kappa" poem, was on American Poets, and was given at eighteen; and the first of his great orations was on the "Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America." His learning, from the first, was made to bear upon our national wants; and his Greek lectures, instead of being a pedant's lumber, were a patriot's living word. During his forty years of political life, since he left the calm retreats of letters, he has been at work for the country; and he never seems to have been contented until his service in some way reached the life of the nation.

This habit came, undoubtedly, from his temperament, and not wholly from his choice, and illustrated his limitations as well as his powers. He was not a man of abstractions, nor could he rest in abstract ideas. He clung to places and to persons. He was not busy with developing a philosophy or religion that might revolutionize the world; nor did he breathe freely in the rarefied air of sublimated metaphysics or theosophy. He was no mystic, no transcendentalist, nor in any sense a radical. He took things as they were, and tried to make the best of them. America was his country, and he tried to make the best of her, and to bring all his splendid treasures and talents to her defence and honor. He was, by eminence, our Patriot Scholar, and as such he stands above all others as

being first to enter the field, and first to this day in the breadth and influence of his labors.

When we call him patriot scholar, we state at once the object and subject of his studies and labors. His object was to act upon our own people, and, notwithstanding his European travel and his classical and Oriental learning, he made all his strength and eloquence tell at home upon his own land. He was, indeed, cosmopolitan in his compass, and domestic and neighborly in affection; yet his favorite and habitual range was not the wide world nor his near neighborhood, but the nation; and in his love of country he was almost as much of a Greek as he was in his literary tastes. His friendship was not of that kind to move him to write his "In Memoriam," like Tennyson, nor his thought so bold and universal as to undertake a History of Civilization, like Thomas Buckle. Nor did he probably ever dream of adding a new chapter to Kant on Pure Reason, or to Edwards on the Will. He was willing and determined to be a patriot in face of all opposition, and stood by the American Union in spite of the reactionists who preferred aristocracy to the Republic, and the radicals who preferred the destruction of the Republic to the surrender or even delay of their reforms, and who preached disunion in the sacred name of humanity. He was willing to love America with all her faults; to tolerate even slavery when sustained by law and a historical part of the nation; and he was willing, nay, swift to strike at the slave power, as soon as it struck at the life of the



Republic. First pro-slavery, then anti-slavery, not, apparently, from ideal or philosophical grounds, but from patriotism, he died an abolitionist, because he died a patriot.

A patriot in object, he was always the scholar in his subject. He treated every topic in the spirit of a student, rather than as a theorist or a philosopher. He always brought the rich learning of the past to bear upon the present, and to prefigure the future. As an orator and statesman he was still the scholar, his orations and state papers exhausting the learning of the subject, and pointing it with wisdom, and often with wit, and kindling it into eloquence. Other men would more inflame the populace by a stirring appeal, and more command the Senate by a cogent argument; but no man could so charm alike the many and the few by the wealth of his learning, the beauty of his style, and the charm of his eloquence. It has, I believe, been said of him, he was more the Cicero than the Demosthenes of our American eloquence; more memorable, we may add, for fulness, elaboration, and grace, than for simplicity, point, and fire. Yet a true orator he was, and one who reached the heart of the many and the few, and who, being dead, yet speaketh and will always speak.

Intellectually, as well as practically, he was the scholar, and it was the habit of his mind to approach every topic in the path of learning rather than of speculation. He asked, what says the past? what is the witness

of history? what facts, laws, institutions, characters, bear upon the case? and he regarded the present age as the child of the past and the parent of the future, in Providential succession. He did not believe that there is any break in the Divine plans; hence he was no individualist, no radical, not a thorough Puritan, and not readily an idealist. He regarded civilization as the continuous and combined life of mankind, not as the casual work of a genius, or the fitful development of novel ideas or startling theories. In his student's loyalty, as well as his personal modesty, he started from the common consent or from the mind of the many, not from his individual stand-point, and hence followed the historical instead of the ideal path; and he was a conservative rather than a radical, an institutionalist rather than an individualist. This disposition gave him great trouble, and kept him during a large portion of his career under the ban of the radical mind of his State and the nation. A son of a Puritan minister, he was no Puritan, either by temper or culture, and far more after the pattern of Jeremy Taylor, or Fénelon, than of John Cotton, or Jonathan Edwards, or Theodore Parker—that last word of Puritan individualism. He was no Puritan, either in the fact of his dislike to set up his own subjective experience against the objective method of history, or in his love of architectural and ritual beauty. He worshipped in the Liberal Church in which he was educated, and was content to be a Liberal Christian of the Unitarian order, with frequent

protest against sectarian sharpness, and in favor of sympathetic and devotional worship. He preferred to express his faith in the simple unsectarian phrase of the Apostle's Creed, and would have liked the old church liturgy, rid of much of its dogmatism and prolixity. He favored a change towards a partially liturgical service in his own church, and the ancient burial service was read in part over his coffin. His religion, like his culture, was a union of the classic with the Christian thought, and more after the temper of Erasmus the Christian Humanist, than that of Luther and Calvin, the reformers who have led the new age, or of Laud and Pusey the Anglo-Catholics, who would bring back the old ages. Its type was neither a Puritan meeting-house nor an old cathedral, but a church of the Renaissance, like St. Paul's of London, or St. Peter's of Rome. In saying that he was less of a Puritan than a Churchman, we must therefore beware of ascribing to him any excessive ecclesiastic tendencies, or even any close sympathy with the recent revival of the Romantic school of letters and the mediæval type of religion. He was not Gothic, but Classic, in his make and culture; more like a Greek temple, with its horizontal beams that lead the eye over the landscape, or a Roman palace, with its round arches that suggest finite completeness, than like a Gothic cathedral with the springing columns and pointed spires that express infinite yearning and invite the devotee to mystic reverie under solemn shades before flaming altars. He was a Liberal Churchman, not a radi-



cal independent; and he approached the exciting question of the day in the scholarly Churchman's soberness, not in the Puritan's radical abstractions. He would see the slave freed by gradual emancipation, not by violent agitation; and did not change, but rather applied his principles, when he saw the historical status of the nation was wholly changed, rebellion had become radical in the cause of slavery, and abolitionism had ceased to be destructive, and had become conservative and Unionist. That he ever approved slavery in principle we do not believe; but that he accepted it as a national fact, until doomed as a national curse, we may justly maintain, and rejoice that patriotism at last allowed and even compelled him to affirm absolute right and universal freedom.

His studies, as well as his public spirit, opened his mind to the liberal thought of our time, and his final uncompromising devotion to liberty had the weight of the higher classic moralists as well as of the new progressive thinkers in its behalf. The Roman jurisprudence and the whole conservative band of masters of international law, which he so faithfully studied, made him sometimes an over-cautious statesman; but he was enough of a lover of Plato and Zeno, Epictetus and Cicero, to be certain that in this final assertion of human rights he was interpreting the conscience of the age in the light of that great humanity which led the ancient sages to affirm with Cicero that there is a law not merely for Athens and Rome, but for the whole globe and the whole race, *una et sempiterna*,

one and eternal. Thus our patriot scholar, in his own path, rose to ideal principles, and as a student of history and a lover of institutions became the champion of liberty and humanity. He met his old radical antagonists in good fellowship, and died with their blessings on his pillow and his grave. If we compare our free and loyal nationality to a great mountain with granite summit like Mount Washington or Monadnock, we may say that the radicals of the land have reached the top from its northern side, through snow and ice and cutting sleet and howling winds, while Everett and his gentler band climbed the southern slope through springing fountains, blooming flowers, singing birds, not without perils from burning heats and deadly plants and reptiles. Upon that granite peak they both met together, and the elegant scholar clasped hands with the rough reformer under the same open heavens, and invoked God's blessing upon the whole land and its people, with every star restored to its flag, and every shackle broken among its millions. So the scholar became an idealist, the conservative a reformer, without ceasing to be a patriot; and all his treasured words of historical wisdom hushed their eloquence into devout silence in presence of that word eternal which the God of ages and Father of our spirits is speaking now, as to Elijah after the strong wind and the earthquake and the fire of war and desolation. Our patriot scholar heard that word, and never faltered afterwards. He has gone up like that prophet, in a chariot of fire—unlike that prophet as in some respects he was—

and his mantle is now falling upon the nation, the heir of his fame, his labors, and his principles.

What has our patriot scholar done to carry out his idea, or what Virtue has he added to his aim? We may surely answer, first of all, that no man of our day has done so many things as he. For half a century and more, he has been constantly at work, leaving never a year, hardly a month, unmarked by his voice or pen. Preacher, Professor, Editor, Essayist, Poet, Lecturer, Statesman, Ambassador, Orator, Academician, Jurist, he has written elaborately on all leading subjects; his works are at once a mirror of the events and a compend of the learning of our time. Has he done well, and is there virtue in his work? He has done well, and there is virtue in his work—the virtue of both spheres of the soul, the sensitive, thoughtful intelligence, and the earnest, strong will. Docility, scholarly and patriotic, is his great virtue, and he studied and followed the national destiny.

He kept open mind to all knowledge, and his rare mastery of language fitly measured the breadth of that mental hospitality that welcomed all letters and arts to his regard. He made all these acquisitions his own by the clearness of his method and the charm of his diction, if not always by philosophical analysis and ideal assimilation. He certainly adorned whatever he touched, and left the mark of his taste and skill upon every topic, whether the tillage of the soil or the culture of the soul,



the order of the heavens or the laws of nations. He had eminently the virtue of intellectual susceptibility and adaptive force, and in its range of taste and fancy, order and clearness, his mind was without a superior in the land, much as others may have distanced him in ideal intuition and original imagination. He had that scholarly fidelity that sought to do every task well, and every deliberate work of his pen bore a kind of finish in the amount and arrangement of the material and the completeness of the finish that gave to his composition a moral quality, and interpreted anew Quintilian's saying, that a true orator must needs be a good man.

He had high virtue of the will. Who has been more industrious than he? Who more patient and more persevering through all enticements and all obstacles? In this way he was a hero, and the world that envied his good fortune has never done justice to his patience and self-denial. He was constantly beset with difficulties, not always abounding in means, and when apparently affluent always pressed by importunate suitors, and harassed by provoking assailants. He bore more insults from inferiors than any man of our time, and was always the pet mark of the maligners who discovered his sensitiveness and abused his forbearance. He cared probably more than most men for the favor of others, and did more than almost any other man to deserve favor by kindness of deed and word. I once wrote of him that no man had done more kind actions than he, and he wrote me that the

saying gratified him more than any thing that had ever been said of him, and I now repeat it over his grave.

He had much to bear in various ways, and had ailments that tried him much for years. Nor was his rare equanimity and almost ascetic life the easy grace of spontaneous nature. His tastes were luxurious, yet his habits were simple; his senses were exquisite and exacting, and he might readily have revelled in the garden of Epicurus, had not principle led him to the porch of Zeno, intellect won him to the academy of Plato, and, best of all, faith kept him in the Church of Christ, where devotion deepened apparently with the lapse of years.

He was not what is called a hero, for he was dependent and sensitive, exacting of sympathy, not self-relying, not hardy, proud, or commanding. Yet he had a kind of heroism that Christ loved and the Church blesses in its saints. He had largely the lowly virtues of the poor in spirit, the meek, the peace-making, which have promise that theirs is the kingdom of heaven, and that they shall inherit the earth and be called the children of God. He was not the hardy oak, but he was the pliant, tenacious, climbing, fruitful vine that lifts its clustering fruits aloft, bends instead of breaking, and stores up rich and inspiring juices that outlive the prouder fruits that display their gorgeous splendor in the orchard. He kept on his purpose to the last, pursued his studies in the interest of patriotism, consecrated eloquence by charity; and during the last ten years of life he gave away to his country fruits of

his own earnings in amount far beyond what is deemed an independent fortune by men of letters in our day, and what would have seemed to him princely wealth in his early years. In one respect he was capable of the highest heroism. He could give himself with unfailing loyalty to a great duty, and follow the standard of his allegiance wherever it might lead under rightful authority, little as his temper moved him to audacity. He could work for his country without stint with his pen and voice, and if the call had clearly come to him, he could have taken the field under some commanding genius, and died like Wadsworth and the Lowells for the old flag.

One great trait of virtue he surely had. He never gave up, and died at his post with his armor on. Precocious as was his early development, he never stopped growing, and not only spread the surface, but rose to nobler height with years. His florid beginning did not bring what it seemed to many to portend—an early decline, as of an evanescent flower. His life was in this respect like one of the great minsters that charm and impress by their exquisite beauty of finish and the solid mass of the masonry, such as decades of years or even centuries only can complete. Last of all comes the spire, with carvings as beautiful as upon the early porch, with cross that salutes the heavens, and bells that charm earth and air with their cheering and inspiring chimes.

His very hand-writing bore the mark of his fidelity, and his pen was loyal servant of its master. I have



before me his Hebrew Lexicon, which he gave me long ago, when I was in my 'teens, and it is full of marginal notes in fine and exquisite writing in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, the writing of his youthful years. This letter, that he wrote the day before his death, and which came to me the day after his death, has the mark of the same careful touch, and only towards the close does it tremble, as if before the quivering curtain that was soon to hide him from our sight.

His last speech well closed the career that his first sermon began, and we cannot doubt that that benign and powerful agency, the Spirit of God, the Heavenly Comforter in which he believed, dwelt within him through his career, gave him strength in his weakness, and united his striving purpose with the infinite and Eternal Will.

His Influence, who of us will deny? Once it was a fascination to many of us; now it is a calm, uplifting remembrance, an illuminating, cheering association with all the refinements of society and letters, all the loyalties of the home, and country, and church.

In one particular, we may all remember Edward Everett gratefully, for he was kindly and true to every household tie, faithful and affectionate in his family, hospitable to friends, and often overflowing with genial humor and playful fancy. His memorial of his eldest daughter should endear his name to every home in the land. He has helped us all, moreover, in the education of

our children ; and the charm of his diction, the purity of his thought, and the affluence of his learning, and even of his science, give him a high place among our popular teachers, and secure for him rising honor in the school and family libraries of the nation.

Americans ! we owe him honor, as a nation, for he loved and served the country from the first to the last, and identified our land with his name and service. He has stood by us when the world hated and scorned us. In France, Germany, and England, the time has been when the highest impressions of our America came from his courtly presence, classic elegance, and charming speech. If in some respects he fell short of the most advanced views of liberty, and was willing once to compromise with what all progressive men call oppression, we must remember that he saw dangers to which many more radical leaders were blind ; and that after the fearful crisis came, he stood manfully up for liberty, and whilst some of his old defamers were trembling in the knees and ready to accept peace with disunion.

The closing years of his life were, in one important respect, of vast service, by doing so much to correct the ultraism and integrate the antagonisms of the New England mind, and, in fact, to give catholicity to American thinking. In him, our ablest conservative scholar formed an alliance with the party of progress ; institutionalism made covenant with individualism ; history joined hands with reform ; law and precedent leagued with ideas and

humanity. It was a great hour that struck when Edward Everett accepted the vital principle of William Ellery Channing, and the conservative statesman stood up in old Faneuil Hall as the uncompromising champion of human rights! Before, his classic studies and careful precedents had seemed like the cold and empty channels of our great aqueducts, but at last the aqueducts opened into the upper lakes and fountains, and the living waters were flowing through those solid beds, as when our Croton or Cochituate poured their fulness into our reservoirs and hydrants. Mutual blessing, when fountal ideas wed themselves to institutional loyalty, and the mountain springs have a sure and effective outlet, and the fixed channels have a full and healthy tide! Ultraism comes to its end, not by the rule of radicalism or conservatism alone, but by the catholicity that weds liberty to law, and gives to primal ideas their just orbit and organic development.

As a Christian in temper and faith, in devotion and charity, he bears an unsullied name. He accepted Christianity as a positive revelation and a vital power, defended its historical truth, and applied its practical point. An habitual worshipper at church and at home, he never departed from the temper of his ordination vows, and his last presence at the communion table brought thither undoubtedly an humbler devotee, than when the gifted youth, more than fifty years before, took the cup of blessing and the bread of life. He was not ashamed to acknowledge that he needed God, and could not do with-

out Him. He was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; and, alike as a student of history and a man of affairs, he held the Christian religion to be the crowning gift of God and the light of mankind, the law of true life and the pledge of immortality. He preached the dedication sermon of our First Congregational Church in Chambers street, January 21, 1821—forty-four years ago, yesterday; and had his name been announced as a preacher in our city this January, 1865, no man would have denied the fitness of his return to the pulpit, or declared that his civil career had sullied his purity or robbed him of his sanctity.

From our present point of view, we cannot share in the public opinion that looked upon his passage to the Greek professorship from the Boston pulpit as an elevation. But we must remember that it was the day of reaction against the old Puritan dogmatism and austerity, the renaissance of New England art and letters. Edward Everett was the Raphael of the new classicism, and he painted, not with the pencil, but with the pen and voice. He lived long enough to rise above the superficial theology of the secular caste who ruled his youth, and to see that Divinity should rule the Humanities, and was nearer the spirit of the pulpit when he died than when he preached.

In the light of our present experience, we can see a Providential use in this transfer to Cambridge and to the Greek classics; for Greece, that first enticed our liberal thinkers from the old faith by its charming Humanism, has done much to send us back to it by its grand Idealism; and



New England thinking has of late been repeating in the nineteenth century the experience of Christendom in the second and third centuries, and learning to interpret the facts of the Gospel according to the ideas of the sages, to ascend from the words of Scripture to the Word Eternal, and to hail the Greek wisdom as the Gentile precursor of the Christ in whom God is with us in the fulness of His truth and grace.

Last Sunday evening we spoke of the manifestation of Christ to the nations, and especially to our America, as to the Magi of old, with their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Is not our present meditation a continuation of that topic? Is not our Patriot Scholar eminent among the providential men who have seen God's glory in the New World, and laid their treasures at His feet?

He brought gold, much gold, literally, to the treasures of our Christian civilization, by his abounding charity; and more gold, in its higher sense, as the symbol of industrial power, the manly force which he trained in himself and the people for the coming kingdom of God among men in this land. His voice is even now heard in the great wilderness, calling East and West, Atlantic and Pacific shores, to meet together, and consecrate domain and treasure to patriotism, humanity, liberty, and religion.

He brought frankincense, and his fine taste, beautiful fancy, and charming eloquence rose ever to spiritual loyalty, and bear now his own and the people's affections to the Supreme Good. His name led the higher literary

enthusiasm of our nation, and stands for culture combined with purity, humanity, and devotion. There is incense in his pages still; and if it sometimes burns in honor of heroes, and courts the favor of the popular ear, it never is perverted to self-worship, but gives its fragrance to every good cause, and is never content to spend its sweetness without adoring the Eternal Spirit. His censer swings widely, but never turns away from the altar of the Highest.

Myrrh he brought, and he has embalmed in his diction and eloquence the whole past of the nation, so that his very name stands, not for himself, but for the recorded life of the country, and the chronicled memory of civilized man. He first brought the treasures of European scholarship to America, and opened the old ages of our country to the new generation. Myrrh he is, and shall be more precious as the custodian of the past, as the impatient present is tempted to turn its back upon experience, and forget that all true progress is filial, and hope is daughter of memory. As to-night, in our meditative vision, we see the Magi of the Western World passing in solemn procession with the Magi of the East, we salute, as one of the majestic company, our Patriot Scholar, and render thanks for our share of his gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, for the man through whom comes the gift, to God, who is the giver both of the man and the gift.



















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